

Good Morning 513

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

"And our next is entitled—" Well, it's something about a Sailor, you bet.



THIS IS ON THE RECORD

L. Cook George Burns

YES, Ldg./Cook George Burns, the gang's all here, in the sitting-room of your home, 37 Heaton Moor Road, Heaton Moor, Stockport.

There had been a slight argument going on as to which record should be played, and Sheila, that roguish young daughter of yours, has won. Margaret, your fifteen-year-old niece, is going to play the record for them.

You can just see Mother at the back there. She heard the noise going on, investigated, and our photographer snapped her at her almost daily task of making the peace.

Here is a surprise for you, George. Your eldest daughter, Pat, has very suddenly developed maternal instincts, and the minute she has finished her

tea, after school, she flies down the road to "Auntie Gwennie's" to see and look after her "adopted" baby.

Joan, your very attractive sister, fast leaving her "teens" behind, is now quite a young woman of the world.

She has taken on the task of modernising Mother, and her process includes taking her Yank friends home for tea and supper. Mother seems to be thriving pretty well on it, George.

Your nephews send their love to you, and are impatiently waiting for a game of Red Indians with you... to be forewarned is to be forearmed. The rest of the family, scattered over various parts of the globe, are all very well, and your Mother asked us to send you their love by proxy.

We asked Sheila if she had a message for her Daddy. She stood on one leg, wrinkled her forehead, and took what seemed to be an age to think the matter out. "Yes. Please tell him that I want him to come home for Christmas, very, very much," she said, and added with a chuckle, "I want a big dolly."

Pat sent her love to you and said she hoped you would be home soon, but, luckily for you, she didn't add an after-thought.

We noticed the billiard table propped up against the wall, and couldn't help feeling it looked a little lonely. Margaret said that she played now and again, but it took her all her time to find a partner. Another little job for you when you come home.

Here's Pat, STO. BILL MOUNTAIN

WE called at 36 Wimbledon Road, Tooting, Stoker (1st Class) William Mountain, but eventually found your wife, Pat, down at Beales in Earlsfield.

Your photographs have now been safely received, and your wife says you do not appear to have altered much, and, further, that she is looking forward to a grand 21st birthday party when you return, and the top of the wedding cake is being saved for this special event.

Your pup, which has been christened Sailor, is growing fast and is much admired by Dad.

Pat wishes to be remembered to Bernard, and sends her special love to you (I suppose you would know what that means), and is looking forward to going up to the station to meet you.

J. M. MICHAELSON
writes here about
characters of fiction
who were not so
fictitious as their
Authors claimed

No resemblance to any living Person

ALL characters are fictitious and any resemblance to real persons still living is coincidental. This or some similar sentence is now found at the beginning of nearly all novels. It is intended as some safeguard for the author and publisher against threats of lawsuits by people who may consider they are pictured in the novel.

But in fact the characters of many favourite novels have had real-life "models," although, of course, in most cases the author altered the character to suit his needs.

The real Robinson Crusoe was a sailor named Alexander Selkirk, who spent four years on the "desert" island of Juan Fernandez, in the Southern Pacific. But "Robinson Crusoe's" island was Tobago, north of Trinidad, on which Defoe placed his hero.

But there is much of Defoe's imagination in "Robinson Crusoe." For one thing, Selkirk was not wrecked, but put ashore at his own wish after a dispute with the captain of the ship on which he was sailing. When the moment came for him to be left, he was so overcome at the thought of the loneliness before him that he fell on his knees and prayed to be taken back.

No savage cannibals visited the island while he was there. But it was visited by Spaniards, who tried to catch him, without success. The Spaniards had taken the ship that had left him, and no doubt learned his

story. Selkirk had no parrot and no Man Friday.

He did have a number of cats, and apparently teaching these animals tricks was his chief diversion during the four years he was on the island. He did not have to improvise clothes, as his shipmates left him sufficient, as well as other tools and instruments. The island of Juan Fernandez is now used by the Chilean Navy as a minor base.

"Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been made into a talkie. The "original" of this character of the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett died only a few years ago in America, and was the son of the author.

The book was written at his own request when he was a small boy. When he grew up, Vivian Burnett often expressed his dislike of the velvet suit and atmosphere of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," of which he had been the model. Nevertheless the book sold by the million and brought his mother world fame.

The character of Sherlock Holmes is generally believed to have been inspired in Conan Doyle by Professor Bell, who lectured at Edinburgh University when Conan Doyle was a medical student there.

Bell was fond of demonstrating to students the possibilities of deduction from the smallest observations. But the rest of Sherlock Holmes—the violin, the drugs, the curious clothes—were Doyle's invention. And so was the incredibly stupid Watson.

Yet so lifelike was Holmes to many people that letters addressed to "Sherlock Holmes, Baker Street," often arrived—and there were even callers!

The inspiration of Peter Pan was Peter Davies. Unlike the fictional Peter Pan, the real one in due course grew up and became a famous publisher. He remained a close friend of the author he had inspired, and when the will of Sir James Barrie was published it was revealed that the "original Peter Pan" had been left £6,000.

One of the most interesting "originals" was Mgr. O'Connor, who, when he was Father O'Connor, inspired Chesterton to write his great series of stories round Father Brown, the lovable priest who had such amazing powers as a detective. Years later, the "original" thought it was time he wrote about his "creator," and Mgr. O'Connor produced "Father Brown on Chesterton." In this, he said his resemblance to Father Brown was limited, and certainly did not extend to that character's almost miraculous powers of observation and deduction.

Arnold Bennett is generally believed to have found his inspiration for the character of "The Card" in the novel of that name in Mr. H. G. Hales, who came from the Five Towns and had a talent for doing strikingly original things.

He later became an M.P., and in the years after the last war, presented the trophy for the "Blue Riband of the Atlantic."

"Stalky and Co." was drawn by Rudyard Kipling from life in the sense that there were "originals" for the chief characters. Kipling himself went to school at Westward Ho! and it was acknowledged the "original" of Stalky was Major-Gen. L. C. Dunsterville, and of M'Turk, Mr. G. C. Beresford.

"Beetle" was generally taken to be Kipling, but the author, if one can judge by his schoolmates, had changed his character as much as he had changed the characters of his friends.

Even the characters of nursery rhymes have "originals." The Bodleian Library has the original MS. of "Mother Hubbard." This was written in 1804 by Miss Sarah Catherine Martin, and the original Mother Hubbard was the housekeeper at John P. Bastard, M.P.'s, house in Devonshire, where the incident described inspired the rhyme that has become immortal.

The original "Alice" of "Alice in Wonderland" was Alice Liddell, daughter of Dean Liddell, who later became famous as Mrs. Alice Hargreaves. But the Alice of "Alice Through the Looking Glass" was a girl, later Mrs. Alice Wilson Fox, whom Charles Dodson (Lewis Carroll) met when staying in London.

Dodson liked to tease girls by showing them that if they held something in their right hands and then looked in a mirror, the article appeared in their left hand.

This girl was smart. "But if I was on the other side of the mirror it would still be in my right hand," she remarked. And that inspired the story.

WE ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



WE had a very noisy welcome at No. 52 Ellough Road, Beccles, Suffolk, L/S. A. G. Adams. What a bark Bob has, even for a big dog! Fortunately there was no bite, otherwise you would not have seen this photograph of your wife in the garden. Yes, of course, the charming black frock was put on just because it is the one you like.

By the way, where did you get the outsize cigar? That is a good picture of you on the sideboard, the tankard comes out well, doesn't it? But the cigar—why, it nearly leaves the frame!

Your parents are well, and so are Nellie and Peggy; we looked in at Fredericks Road to make sure. They all send love to you. Ruby heard from her brother

John on September 30th. Tough luck to be a prisoner in Germany. He reports good health—just that.

Many of your Beccles friends asked after you. The town looks quite bright and cheerful—the shops look almost pre-war.

We asked your wife to write a message, and here it is:—

"I have my release from the factory, and I am staying in Beccles to work. Mummy, as you know, is in hospital, but is getting on fine. I am looking forward to the 'Jeep' when you arrive home again. I am quite fit, and hope you are. Always the thought of you, darling."

Well, Alec, that's Ruby's message, but what does she mean by 'Jeep'? She would not tell us

DOG WALKED HOME THE WINNER!

JOHNNY DEWAR was one of the most surprised men in the world when his Dutton Swordfish—an ageing dog with a broken tail—won the Waterloo Cup this year.

From the moment when Dutton caught his tail in a London taxi, they almost gave up hope at Dewar's East Grinstead kennels . . . but

ferent dog entirely in the final course—and the laurels went to a dog wisely named Golden Surprise.

You never can tell! Anyone who ever saw that tricky dog, Wild Woolley, running in jerks, stopping and

GRETA RANEE

THRILLS WITH THE DOGS

By Dalton Moore

One classic winner, Wattle Bark, the dog that carried off the Greyhound Derby in record time in 1937, was once a hopeless invalid. He lived only because three of the world's finest vets. fought to save him. But who could have thought—seeing him spurt 525 yards in 29.26 seconds—that he had been taken to his trainer's kennels only a few months before more dead than alive?

A group of pedigree dogs once broke loose from their kennels near Roehampton, chased after a squirrel, and then started a fight among themselves. The worst-mauled dog had to have twenty stitches, and yet his subsequent track record proved the best of the lot.

Wattle Bark's track record, too, was afterwards beaten unexpectedly. An Irish dog, named Ballyhennessy Sandhills, ran against him for the £2,000 first prize and trophy of the "White City."

The crowds were tense with excitement, for it was known the dog—had cost £2,000 only two months before.

But that she should ever win a classic seemed impossible, for she had one great failing. She didn't like to leave the trap!

Meanwhile, her owner took the trouble to trace her pedigree—and found a dozen Waterloo Cup winners among her ancestors!

Even Mick the Miller once started at 100 to 1 against! His owner was then Father Brophy, an Irish priest, and Mick was an unknown dog when he was entered for the Greyhound



WILD WOOLLEY

Derby in 1929. Scores of dogs were, of course, entered as usual, and Mick had to take part in several preliminary weeding-out races.

It was just as well she left "B.S." in. He won in 28.39 seconds by 2½ lengths, and Wattle Bark was displaced to third.

An equally chance circumstance lay behind Greta Ranee's winning of the Greyhound Derby. Her owner, Mr. Lockhart-Mummery, a Harley Street surgeon, originally knew nothing about greyhound racing. He happened to perform an operation which restored the health of a racing enthusiast.

They visited kennels together just as Doumergue had produced a litter of pups. The surgeon was given two—and no one was more surprised than he when Greta Ranee began to show a turn of speed.

But that she should ever win a classic seemed impossible, for she had one great failing. She didn't like to leave the trap!

Meanwhile, her owner took the trouble to trace her pedigree—and found a dozen Waterloo Cup winners among her ancestors!

Even Mick the Miller once started at 100 to 1 against! His owner was then Father Brophy, an Irish priest, and Mick was an unknown dog when he was entered for the Greyhound

£3,000 richer. They say that there has never been another dog like Mick, but I disagree.

You will find points of resemblance—as well as winners—among the 600 puppies whom Mick the Miller sired.

Mick's amazing asset was his intelligence. He was a judge of pace and distance. He really used to lie behind until he saw his chance, then go ahead—and slacken up as soon as he was sure of being first.

It is said that his career reaped more than £30,000 in prizes and stud fees, but this is nothing to the hard cash statistics of the sport.

WANGLING WORDS—452

1. Insert six consonants in O * * * I * E and get an English county.

2. In the following motto both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Ryt trisf tond yrt oyu fi inaga cudesce ta tyr.

3. In these five foreigners the same number stands for the

same letter throughout. What are they? 9379H, 3484, 5287, 865861D70, 02M61.

4. Find the two English poets hidden in: I must fix a new bolt on the door, for the burns have charred it under the old one.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 451

1. EVEREST.
2. You cannot eat your cake and have it.
3. Swedish, Cornish, Breton, Norse.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



ENGLAND'S strangest library does not contain one book. It contains records—12,000 of them. It is the recorded programmes permanent library of the B.B.C.

Inside those brown paper flaps that line the walls of a room about 15 feet by 10 feet are the voices of the great and the humble—voices ranging from that of Winston Churchill and Marshal Stalin to that of Private Tommy Atkins in the Middle East.

The library, which has been in existence since 1933, has not only kept a record of every important speech and outstanding ceremony since then, but it contains some of the rarest records in existence, such as a recorded speech of Gladstone, and another, an eye-witness account of the sinking of the "Titanic."

The last five years have seen this department grow more rapidly than at any time since its inception. Events of historical importance are all recorded, not only for B.B.C. producers of variety and other departments, but for historians and future generations, who might well wonder what strange world of barbarians this was.

For they will be able to hear Hitler raving like a madman, Mussolini addressing hysterical crowds; they will hear the roar of battle and the bursting of bombs. They will even know what it was like during the Battle of Britain, for during that time recording vans went into the streets and near gun sites to record the Ack-Ack and bursting bombs.

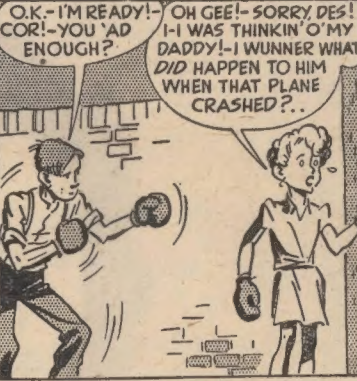
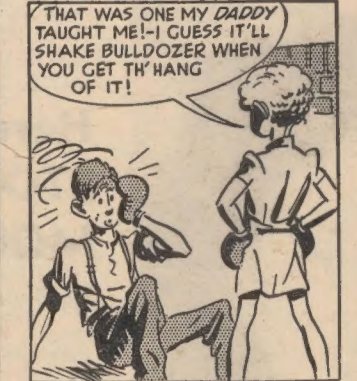
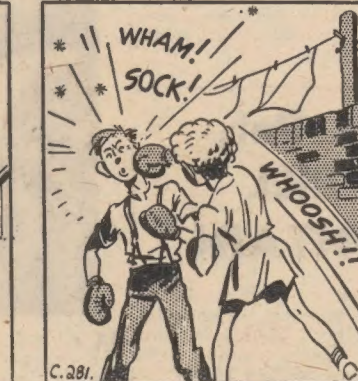
FUTURE generations will not be able to hear Churchill's rousing speech after the defeat of France, in which he said: "We will fight on the beaches . . ." Because that speech was made in the House of Commons and was neither broadcast nor recorded.

The two sections into which the library is divided are: The effects section, which catalogues every known human, animal and inanimate noise used for effects in programmes, and the speech and features section, which deals with important speeches by men and women of note, and stories of human value by ordinary people telling their personal experiences.

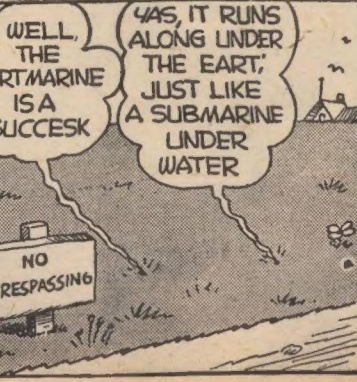
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



INTELLIGENCE

TEST—No. 36

1. When Margaret said "Chair," Colin said "Rifle." What word linked these two ideas in Colin's mind?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Harrow, Repton, Rugby, Birkbeck, Malvern, Taunton?
3. Gilbert is to Sullivan what Bacon is to Meat, Pig, Shakespeare, Eggs, Marmalade, Coffee?

(Answers in No. 514)

Answers to Test No. 35.

1. Tea (tee).
2. Sofa has nothing to do with railway tracks; others have.
3. Two.
4. Seven. (Father and mother and their son, the father's sister and her daughter, and both the father's parents.)

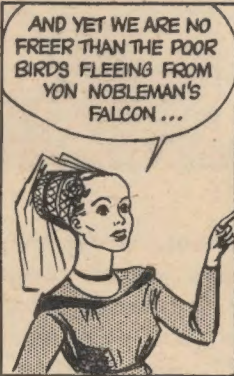
JANE



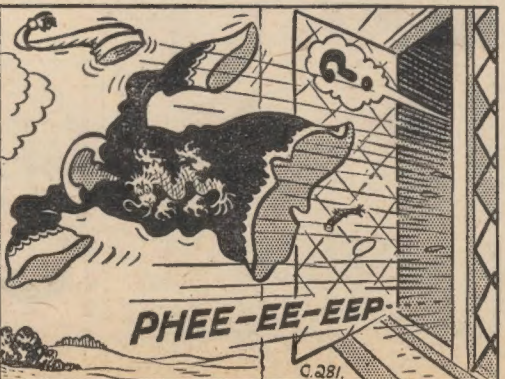
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



The Flying Bus Conductresses

FLYING conductresses who cow, and landing at one air- will take passengers' fares field, would be able to take an on the type of plane, although the name cannot be given. We shall put plenty in service to avoid any hold-up of traffic."

These aerial "clippers" will be part of the organisation planned to speed air passengers from airfield to airfield around the capital. They will hand out tickets, collect the money, and act as hostesses

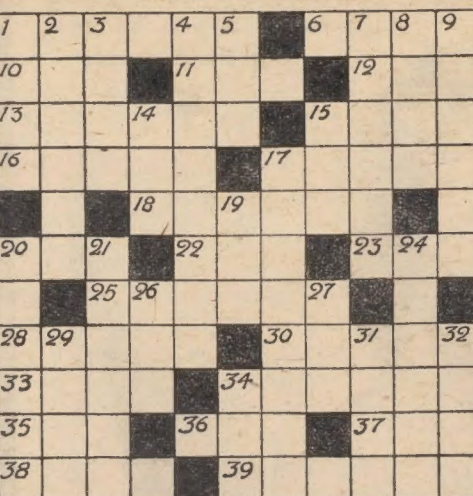
Planned by Air Dispatch, Ltd., which in 1935 started a link service between Croydon, Heston and Gatwick, the "Inner Circle" planes will cater not only for long-distance travellers arriving here, but for anyone who wishes to hurry from, say, Croydon to Hendon.

Mrs. Victor Bruce, managing director of Air Dispatch, says: "When the post-war air services begin there will be many airfields around London. Our scheme is to link them with a speedy, regular air-bus service. A passenger from New York, going, perhaps, to Mos-



"What d'ya mean—'WHY didn't I accost you?'"

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Gone by.
- 6 Information.
- 10 Admit.
- 11 Absorb.
- 12 Meshed fabric.
- 13 Girl.
- 15 Male animal.
- 16 Musician.
- 17 Girl's name.
- 18 Rubbing clean.
- 20 Reptile.
- 22 Wooden vessel.
- 23 Experienced.
- 25 Dodged.
- 28 Tapestry.
- 30 Tees.
- 33 Liquid food.
- 34 American deer.
- 35 Moose.
- 36 Dull.
- 37 Little drink.
- 38 Roe.
- 39 Spoil look of.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Splendour.
- 2 Bides.
- 3 Tailor's cut.
- 4 Retired.
- 5 College teacher.
- 7 Say no more.
- 8 Use as clothes.
- 9 Rope string.
- 14 Moisture.
- 15 Prohibit.
- 17 Release.
- 19 Dog's foot.
- 20 Mortified.
- 21 Wig.
- 24 Of vinegar.
- 26 Drink.
- 27 Sheep-wash.
- 29 One's job.
- 31 Official endorsement.
- 32 Melow.
- 34 Plugging lump.

STRENGTHENS
TOILET ORAL
IMPORTUNATE
LT POSSE IE
LOBED ASCOT
MUD N TON
LSD BIB ISM
A GALLEON E
TWICE SWART
CONES ELGAR
HOG TIT EYE

QUIZ

for today

1. To cere means to burn, tell the truth, cover with wax, tell the future, miss a target?
2. What is the difference between a censor and a censor?
3. A minotaur was half man, half—what?
4. Of what country is Bogota the capital?
5. How many musicians are required to play (a) a septet, (b) a sextet?
6. Which of the following are

mis-spelt?—Ireverent, Irrever-
sible, Irrevocable, Iridium.
Irigate, Iritate.

Answers to Quiz in No. 512

1. Engraver's tool.
2. Newfoundland.
3. Central America.
4. Horse.
5. Alkali.
6. Cemetery, Symmetry, Cen-
tennial.

NOTICE printed on the back
of a music-hall programme:
"High-class Spirits, Wines
and Beers sold at the bars. . .
The management cannot be
responsible for the absence of
any artists through illness or
any other circumstances."

Sport Oddities

RACING has supplied many coincidences and episodes which, if used in fiction, would be condemned as "incredible." Strangest, perhaps, was the Goodwood Cup of 1830. The King, George IV, had entered three horses. He was unable to be present, for he was seriously ill at Windsor Castle. But he was so anxious about the result that he ordered a relay of postboys on the fastest horses to gallop with the winners to Windsor. The King was conscious when the news came that his Fleur-de-Lys was first and that his other two horses were second and third. He said, "This is the proudest day of my life." A few days later he was dead.

NAZIS, in 1939, began to get some odd ideas about "sport." To qualify for his "Sports Badge," a Brownshirt was required to throw six hand grenades on to a four-yard target at 30 yards; get a good "group" with a miniature rifle at 50 yards; and run 1,500 yards across country in a set time.

IN the game of "pelota," played in Cuba, Mexico, South America, Spain, and Southern France, the ball travels at the rate of 100 m.p.h. It is as hard as a golf ball and rather smaller than a cricket ball, and is thrown by means of a curved wicker basket strapped to the wrist. In many ways it resembles squash, and is played in a three-walled concrete court 150 feet long and 40 feet high. Professionals have to start learning at the age of six to acquire the necessary skill, and are "worn out" at 35. Pay in Cuba, where the game is most popular, is £600 to £6,000 a year, according to skill. Because of the tremendous strain of the game, every player is required to have a medical examination before taking the court.

BLIND boys have been taught football and have played matches against ordinary teams which they have won. Their only advantage is that the games are played at night to reduce their handicap, and that the ball is filled with peas so that they can hear where it is.

ANOTHER PENCIL FOR THE CENSOR

HEEDLESS of time, only stopping to snatch a sandwich as he works feverishly, our censor still plies his flying pencil.
Try this one in your bath:—
There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl,
Right down in the middle of her ———.
And when she was ———,
She was very, very good,
But when she was ———,
She was horrid.
A young lady of uncertain temper, it seems. One just doesn't know which way to take her.

Good Morning

Has Warner's Cheryl Walker cut up the antimacassar for her snappy two-piece? It would explain why we've a yen to rest our head there.



Yet another headache for Ernie Bevin. Now it's the Exmoor ponies that signify their solidarity with the Bevin Boys by expressing a disinclination to go down the pits. They must have been reading the "Daily Mail"—or something.



IT'S OURS, ALL OURS ! Too good to be true, is what every visitor thinks on first seeing the village of Selworthy, in Somerset. Too perfect to be spoilt, is what the National Trust thought—so they promptly bought it as it stood—down to the last well-bucket.



No doubt, when they grow up, they will all complain to their husbands that they haven't a thing to wear ; but, right now, they say : " Clothes ! The bare idea ! "

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

" No child of mine is allowed out without her fur coat."

